

Pete Never Had a Chance to Wrap Himself Around the Feed

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



THE REAL LOVE LETTERS

That He Received
Telling the Plans

OF HIS BRIDE TO BE

DEAR: I'm sorry that this letter will miss the early mail, but Polly Roberts has been here and I have been trying hard to comfort her. Jack, she's left her husband. It all seems so terrible to me, I don't know how to tell it. She still loves him—or at any rate she is heartbroken about it, but they've quarreled irrevocably, she says, and her father declares she must get a divorce.

Oh, my heart ached for her; she was so white, so desperately calm when she told me, and I don't honestly believe that there is anything back of it all except a misunderstanding and two people too proud to say I'm sorry or to "kiss and make up."

Talk Caused Trouble

She says that Mrs. Minton boasted to many people that Bob was in love with her, that he has given her beautiful gifts and that only "her" urging and efforts kept him with his wife.

Jack, how can a woman tell a thing like that, even if it is true? How can she be such a beast—and, what's more, I don't believe it. I think that, knowing Mrs. Minton as I do, she simply isn't satisfied unless she is creating the impression that some married man is madly in love with her, and I told Polly the thing to have done was to have laughed at it. But Polly couldn't laugh—maybe I couldn't if it were you. And of course Bob, being a man, wouldn't explain; simply demanded "faith, faith, faith," until Polly's patience and love broke under the strain.

Feels For Her

I wonder if mine would? I can feel so deeply for her. I know how I should feel—how desperately I should want to cling to you, and how my pride would forbid. And I know, too, where the mistake is. My lessons in faith, in economy of emotions, make me see how needlessly tragic the whole affair has been made, and I'm going to tell Bob.

I am—and, what's more, I'm going to make him tell Polly just what the truth is in the story.

Loving you and realizing what a home is and what home means, I'm not going to let one be wrecked if I can help it. Perhaps it's none of my business, but I shall tell Bob straight out that it's only because I too am in love that I have dared to speak, and I shall tell him of my lessons in "love economics," and I think, perhaps, if his love is still strong underneath, that it may all come out all right.

Faith the Cornerstone of Happiness

But oh, Jack, why is it so easy for a woman to leave her husband? Why do families make the breach wider, instead of closing it, through a mistaken sense of loyalty? And why, I wonder, do I see this side of it now, when before I have always sided with the woman and felt a contempt for the man?

Have you touched my eyes with some magic, dear one, that I may see both sides of life's great shield of love? Or is it only that the passing months and their revelations of the sacredness of love and marriage have lifted the veil of ignorance from my point of view?

Yet the very sight and thought of Polly's unhappiness makes you doubly dear, and makes the dream of our home the more rainbow hued. It can't make me doubt the beauty of love or of marriage. For oh, Jack, Jack, come what will, I shall keep my faith in you, for faith is the only cornerstone of happiness.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"I see," said the stage-struck youth, "that the Water Wagon will not get over on Broadway this season."

"I should say not," snorted the stage doorkeeper. "Why if the cart was to get going down the light lane half of the lobster palace would have to close up and the people who inhabit them would line the curb wondering what sort of strange vehicle it was."

"I don't mean the honest-to-goodness Jan first wagon," said the S. S. Y. "Instead I was referring to a play of that name that has been going some time and has been dated up for New York twice and then something always happened so that the Broadway-ites were doomed to disappointment."

Our Janitor Says He Likes One Dog

You know how dogs will bury bones and then dig 'em up. Eldest their hidden mean cute little feller. I raised an awful howl when the De Stylers insisted in bringin' that fox terrier along with 'em, but they was payin' big money, so I had to give in. Which I am exceedingly much glad now that I did.

I got the idea last week when the pup dislocated a bed o' geraniums diggin' for a bone he'd hid in the yard. I raised an awful howl about it, and DeStyler came across with two bucks. 'Twas then, as I say, I got the idea.

I watched, and sure enough the same day that animal carted another bone into the yard and gave it a two-inch burial. I took me little spade and buried the bone a foot in the same place as soon as the dog's back was turned.

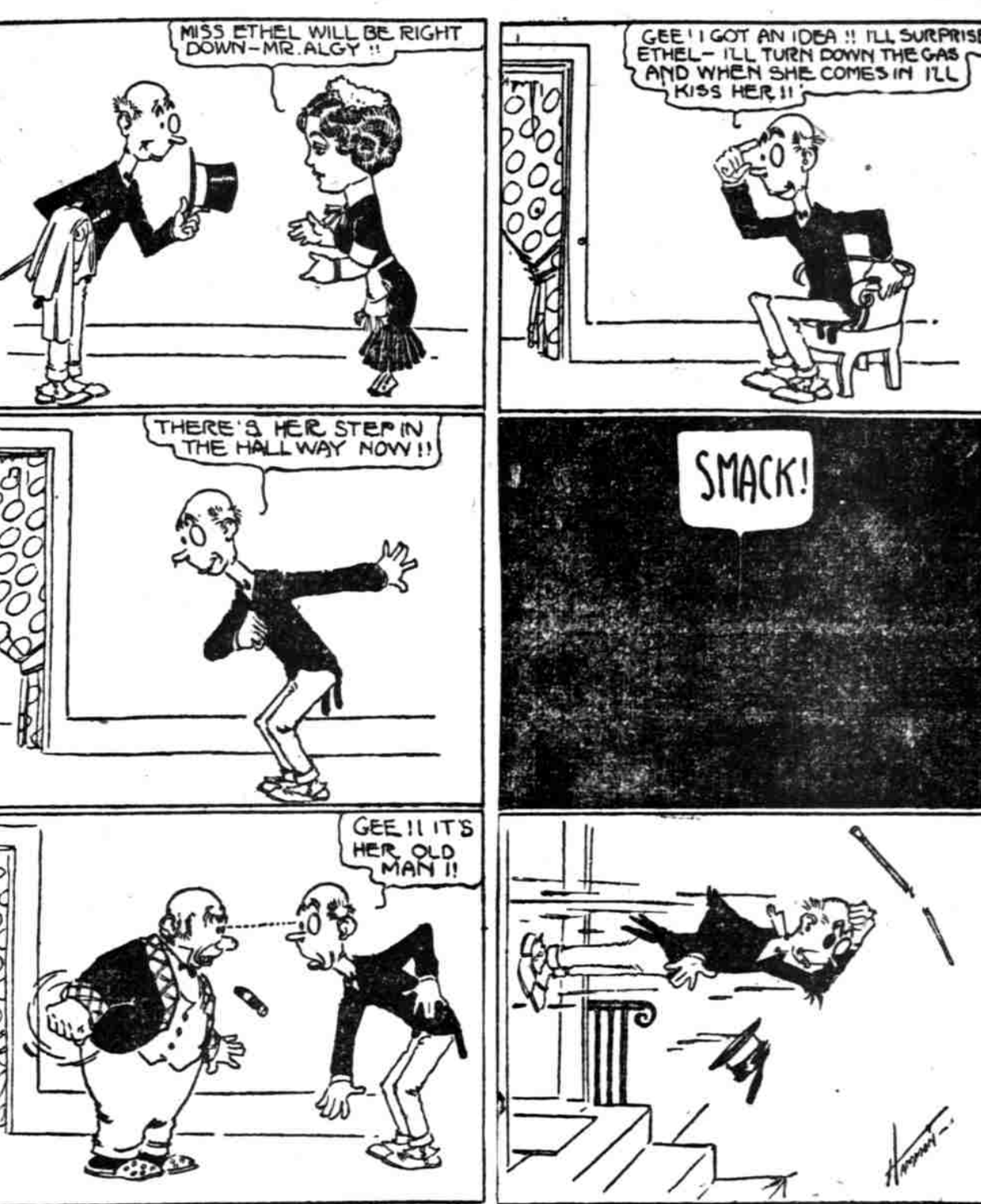
See the point. When the kiddie got hungry he raced into the yard again, dug for five minutes and by the time he'd got his bone there was a hole in the geranium bed big enough to bury a small man in. Say, maybe I didn't make a noise when I pointed it out to DeStyler. It landed me a five spot. The pup just buried another one, and here I am with my little shovel stowin' it deeper.

By JAMES H. HAMMON

ALGY

Drawn for The Washington Times.

SHOULD A BODY KISS A BODY?



Vest Pocket Essays

By George Fitch

—The Author of Siwash College Tales—

A FRIEND is a man who is willing to share his time, his money, and his conversation with you.

There are many kinds of friends. Some friends exist for revenue only and some are protective to a high degree. A true friend is a better defender than a battleship and as a convenience has a national bank beaten all around the compass.

Friends are useful in a multitude of ways. They are a great assistance on smoking cigars, in waiting for ducks and in digesting dinners. A great many men find it impossible to support a large heavy bar in an expensive saloon without the aid of several friends. Friends can be sworn at with comparative safety, and the man who loves to tell disagreeable truths in an offensively frank manner would not live long if he were compelled to practice upon strangers instead of friends.

Friends are blood relatives of procrastination. Both are great thieves of time. As a rule, friends love most dearly to steal the bright and cheerful evening hours which should be spent in reading good books. It is a common thing for two or three friends to hold



Couldn't Be Done.

He entered the restaurant and ordered a portion of chicken. After waiting half an hour the hungry one called the waiter, saying:

"Look here! How long am I going to wait for that portion of chicken I ordered?"

"Till somebody orders the other half," said the waiter. "We can't go out and kill half a fowl."—Los Angeles Examiner.

Exceptions.

"How tall your husband is."

"Not always."

"My dear woman, what can you mean by that?"

"Whenever I ask him for money I generally find he is short."—Baltimore American.

Practice Made Perfect.

"Yes, sir," says the barber, deftly rubbing the lather into the scalp of the patron. "I was ship's barber on a trans-Pacific steamer for five years, until the ship was wrecked and I was cast away on an island in the south seas. I lived there for two years and never saw a human being, but when I was rescued I flatter myself I was a better shampooer than ever. I kept in practice all the time."

"How did you manage it?" asks the patron.

"I shampooed the coconuts."—Pittsburg Leader.

Not an Authority.

Gibbs—How are lobsters caught?

Bibbs—Don't ask me. I'm no chorus girl.—Boston Transcript.

It Wasn't Marked.

"Been taxing your eyes lately?" asked the oculist.

"Yes," said the patient; "I looked all through a newspaper of 144 pages which came through the mail to me bearing the words 'marked copy.'"

"No wonder your eyes smart!"

"Oh, but that isn't the worst of it. I didn't find anything marked."—Buffalo Express.

Proof of Devotion.

Mabel—I am sure he must have loved her very dearly.

Maud—I should say so. He married her in spite of the fact that he had been out in the rain with her all one afternoon, was seasick with her, and saw her unexpectedly at home the morning after a dance.—London Opinion.

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

The Poor Ought to Be Thankful, and

TO PITY THE MILLIONAIRES

CHEER up, Belle, money's only a luxury and causes more trouble than it's worth, like the ice cream and crab salad combination and duke husband's and the other luxuries.

Poor John! Colonel Astor I mean. He's married now, fast enough, but just think o' the trouble he had gettin' there, all because the poor man's got a hundred million dollars or so to keep him out o' the poorhouse!

If a common, ordinary, every day poor man with a sense o' humor took it into his head to play a little joke on his 21-year-old son by presentin' him with a 19-year-old mama he could go ahead and do it and be darned to him, and he wouldn't have to wesk furdin' to the nearest church to find a preacher willin' to marry him for the price of a new high hat.

But not Astor, Belle. Accordin' to the papers, Astor was so hard up for a minister that he was thinkin' seriously o' callin' in a carpenter to do the joinin' work. Don't you pity him, Belle? O' course you don't; nobody does. That's another penalty o' havin' so much money you don't know how much you have got.

Nobody Loves a Millionaire

Nothin' gives the gen'ral public more pleasure, Belle, than hearin' that a millionaire is down with appendicitis.

It's natch'ral and hereditary, Belle, to have a secret satisfaction in seein' the man higher up get it in the neck. Did you ever see the blissful expression on the face of a small son o' poor but honest parents while he was snowballin' a man with a high hat?

Come to think of it, Belle, it must be an odd sensation to have a wife younger'n your son.

Do you s'pose that after the honeymoon there'll be any arguments at the breakfast table between young Vincent Astor and the colonel over whether it sounds quite respectful enough for Vincent to call his new mamma Midge?

I don't see how Vincent can resist the temptation o' flirtin' with her, just to kid the old man along!

Say, Belle, if Vincent happens to marry a woman a little older'n his new mother, and they have their little family jars, and Vincent threatens to "go home to mother," I guess maybe it might have some weight in carryin' his side o' the argument, eh?

ACCORDING TO SAMMY

G. Sammy, wat do you think, sed my cuzin Benny, who was around at my house yestidday, and I sed, wat.

I fownd sumthin' funny about the lock awn the bathroom door in yure house, sed Benny. I can fix it if you think it's locked, but it ain't, he sed.

Which he cood, becaus he showed me, and we fixed it that way and then pop calm boam and sed, Shades of Nepshune, I'm going to take a bath befoor supper. I sertainly put in a hard day's work and may be it will refresh me.

Pop Does

And he went in the bathroom and Benny and me cood heer him tern the watty awn and then he locked the door, ony he cood that he locked it.

After a littil while Nora calm up stairs with a bucket of hot watter to scrub the bathroom floor and she dident no pop was in there and she terned the door nob and was jest going to wesk in and pop yelled, Hay, wat the doose.

So Nora slammed the door agen kwick and sed, O, excuse me, I dident no you was in there, yu dident you lock the door.

I cood of swore I locked that door, sed pop, and we cood heer him get out of the bathtub splashing and awl and he locked the door agen, ony he cood that he locked it.

Ma Neckst

Then ma calm up stairs singin. You'll do the samn thing ovir, ovir agen, ovir agen, and she dident no pop was in the bathroom, and she opened the door, still singin. Soull do the samn thing ovir, ovir agen, ovir agen, and she shut the door.

Heer, pop yelled, and she shut the door jest as kwick as wat Nora and me had shut it, and pop sed, Edlian, do me the favor of yure life, will you, and ma sed, Wat is it.

Stand ovir there and see that none of the maybers opin that door untill I get throo here.

Which ma did.

Wise Up Your Friends With These

THE MEAN THING

Edna—I'll never go walking with him again.

Mal—Oh, why?

Edna—He thinks if he takes me into every second ice cream parlor he's doing fine.

It Had, Indeed

Henpeckke—As a rule dead seldom affects me, but there was one man whose sad taking off has filled my life with misery.

Wiwag—He must, indeed, have been a dear friend.

Henpeckke—On the contrary, I never knew him! I refer to my wife's first husband.

In the Trusts' Hands

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"

"Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"

"Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be all canned stuff."

Only a Short Time

"What's the reason Grisky doesn't apply for divorce?"

"Why, his wife has taken to monoplaning, and he thinks he might as well wait."

Not Enough

Friend—Trouble with your wife, eh?

What rock did your domestic ship split on?

Spinks—None at all. Hadn't rocks enough, that was the difficulty.

The Wreck of the Nincompoop; or, Gee!

Breathing hard, the muste felt his way across the howling deck.

Ever and anon, and still ever, the great waves rolled over the side of the



once sturdy Nincompoop, washing overboard sailors and passengers, some of whom had been already washed out that morning.

"Well, did you ever?" cursed the mate between his clenched teeth, and tried desperately to reach the life preservers.

A feminine form, caught in a receding wave, dashed against him, and a feminine voice cried piteously, "Save me—don't let me die in this horrid kimonos!"

The mate swung her upon one shoulder and fought his way to the life preservers. Hardly had he swung one up to the feminine form and thrust it head through another, when they were both swept into the seething ocean. An hour later a passing steamer, picked them up. It was then he had his first good look at the feminine form he had saved.

Crumpling up in a heap, he fell fainting to the deck.

It was his mother-in-law!

